And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertures excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lyes
In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe-turnes vice being miſ-applyed,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the Infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and Medicine power!
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being taſted ſlayes all ſences with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings, encampe them ſtill
In man, as well as hearbes, grace, and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that plant.
Ro. Good morrow father.
Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Yong ſonne, it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden ſleepe doth raigne,
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprous'd with ſome diſtemp'rature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night,
Ro. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline*?
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.
Fri. That's my good ſonne, but where haſt thou
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue beene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me:
That's by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phyſick lyes:
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe,
Fri. Be plaine good ſonne and homely in thy dri
Ridling Confeſſion, finds but ridling Shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare loue is
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on her, ſo hers is ſet on mine
And all combin'd, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy Marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt loue ſo deare,
So ſoone forſaken? yong mens loue then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water throne away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue that of it doth not taſte.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from Heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ring in my ancient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes, were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Ro. Thou chid'ſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing Pupill mine.